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LOVE AND ART.

"YOUR FATHER SAYS WE CAN'T MARRY UNTIL I HAVE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND I HAVEN'T A CENT."
"NEVER MIND, DEAR. I'M WILLING TO WAIT, IF IT TAKES SIX MONTHS."

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

RUINART.

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

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LIFE.



Not His Fault.

DOCTOR: That's a bad razor cut in your head, Rastus. Why don't you profit by this lesson and keep out of bad company?

RASTUS: Ah would, doctah, but Ah ain't got no money toe git er divorce.

Those Below.

THERE has been much kissing of naval heroes—Admirals and Commodores preferred. Hobson, of course, had some. But what of the men who stayed below and did the hardest work and took the heaviest risks? The government in its awards appears even more hysterical and girlishly impulsive than the maidens themselves. We hear of few engineers, for instance, who have been promoted. Is an engineer of no special importance on a battleship in action? Is the engine-room so cool, the work so easy and the position so devoid of danger that no thanks are needed?

Let these promotions go to the men who were working in the dark as well as to those who saw the fighting.

IT might be easier for a rich man to get into heaven if he were permitted to take his riches with him.

NOTHING is worse for a Society reputation than to be suspected of wishing to please.

Autumn Next!

THE month with an "r" in it was never more welcome than it is this year. We are glad to have the oyster back, glad to have the war over, and oh, how glad to have the back of summer broken and the pretensions of fall placed on a legal basis! It has been a mortal hot summer, and a very anxious one. The war has brought interests and excitements, but, on the whole, few sustaining

exultations, and only a very moderate amount of real sport. There is a vast deal of hard and conscientious work between us and any final results of the war that we can regard with just pride and warrantable thankfulness. In spite of our successes, war has not made the summer joyous to us.

Now, or very soon, begins the movement known as the fall trade. We are told that this year it is going to be a more important and pervasive movement than usual, and is to mark the beginning of what the newspapers fondly call "an era of unprecedented prosperity." The demand for unprecedented prosperity is brisk. If Autumn is to dispense it, we are doubly glad to have her hang out her sign and open for business.





"While there is Life there's Hope."
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THE air of this free country continues full of bricks, but as yet they continue to be discharged with more energy than precision, and no one, at this writing, has been seriously hurt by the bombardment. The soldiers in our camps and on our transports continue to suffer, but they are the subjects of the prevailing complaints, not the objects, and as far as it is possible to help them they are being helped. A good many have been mustered out, a good many more have been distributed among the hospitals of the country, a good many have got furloughs and gone home to their friends, and the rest are getting more to eat than they were getting, and, presumably, are doing better. The worst of the old camps have been abandoned, and, best of all, it is the second week in September, and we are warranted in believing that the hot weather has about run its course.



NOTHING has been done yet to Secretary Alger. He does not feel that his course needs investigation, but is pretty well satisfied with what the War Department has accomplished, and feels that its deficiencies have been grievously exaggerated. Probably they have. Many persons who agree with the opinion that

General Alger's appointment was the sort of error that comes pretty near being a crime, are still unable to assent to the sentiment that would hold him responsible for everything wrong that has happened in the management of the war. It is not in nature for a single individual to be the cause of quite so much mischief as is laid at General Alger's door. It seems more reasonable and just to put a fair share of the responsibility on the country at large, and to admit that the sort of machine that can take care of two hundred thousand men in camps cannot be successfully improvised, and that if we go to war without getting ready beforehand we must expect to pay dear for our experience.



THERE is no sure way of determining the efficiency of men except by some sort of trial. There were very many bad appointments made in organizing the army, but there were also very many good ones. In time, the more efficient men would come to the top. As it is, there has been no time for that process to be worked out, nor any chance for ignorance and inexperience to become informed and expert except at the cost of lives. There may be a big investigation ahead of us. That might be instructive, and so, useful. It is hardly likely to result in proving anything worse than incompetence against anyone, though the complaints which are attributed to General Miles are grave, and may have a practical string to them.



IT is worth remembering that we have not finished with our war yet, and that while more than half of our army is to be mustered out, we are likely for a long time to come to have men enough under arms to form a considerable school of military instruction. Indeed, our immediate future promises in a crowd of particulars to be vastly instructive. We shall have to learn soldiering better, to learn how to manage foreign territories, and to readjust ourselves to all sorts of new conditions and new duties. Are we going to prove apt scholars? If we

needed a little new food for thought, as appeared a year ago, we certainly have got it. The most practical thinker can keep his intellectual machinery steadily at work nowadays without getting any clear notion of how or where we are coming out.



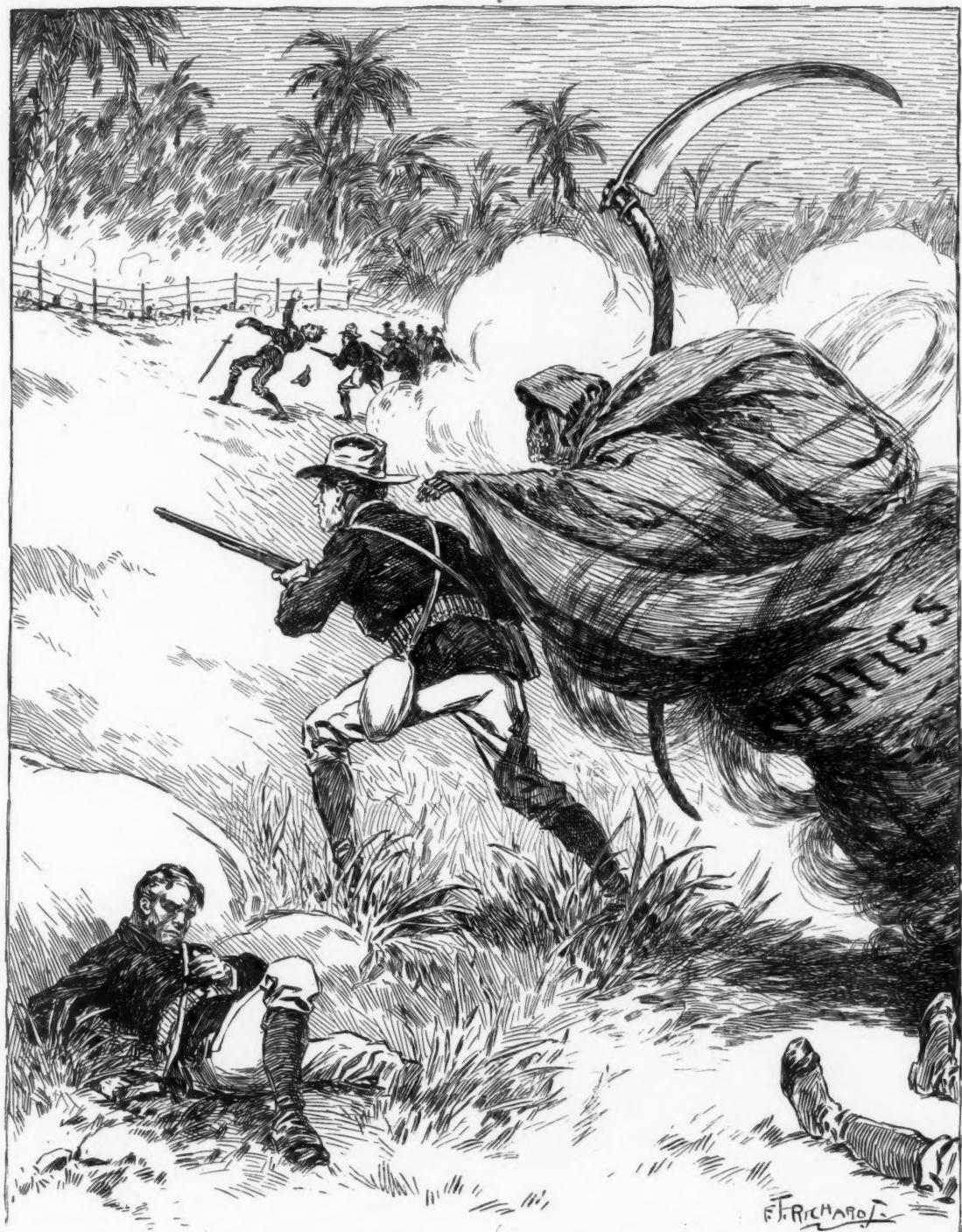
OUR Gallic brethren are all upset again over the Dreyfus matter. The suicide of an officer who confessed to have forged part of the evidence on which Dreyfus was convicted can hardly fail to bring about a reconsideration of the whole case, and the clearing up of the mysteries that have obscured it. A new trial for Dreyfus does not necessarily mean that he will be acquitted, but it will mean, at least, that his first trial was unfair, and it will help immensely to establish a sound prejudice in Republican France against depriving even a soldier of his liberty without due and public process of law.

What a prodigious triumph seems in store for the doughty Zola, whose great fight for truth and justice is slowly accomplishing its end.



THE reports of the raising of our flag in Honolulu were not particularly cheerful. The Kanakas by no means welcomed us with the gaiety of the Porto Ricans. The Kanakas doubtless were happy as they were, and had no craving for change and new industries. They must take what comfort they can in the assurance that, even though they have become American citizens, they may still be as idle as they can afford to be, and have as much fun as their climate and circumstances admit. The Americans have their faults, but they are not so morose as to insist upon reforming any cheerful and harmless people who are able to live without much labor and enjoy life. If we may play with you, Kanakas, and sell you bicycles, you need not buy either sewing-machines or ploughs of us.

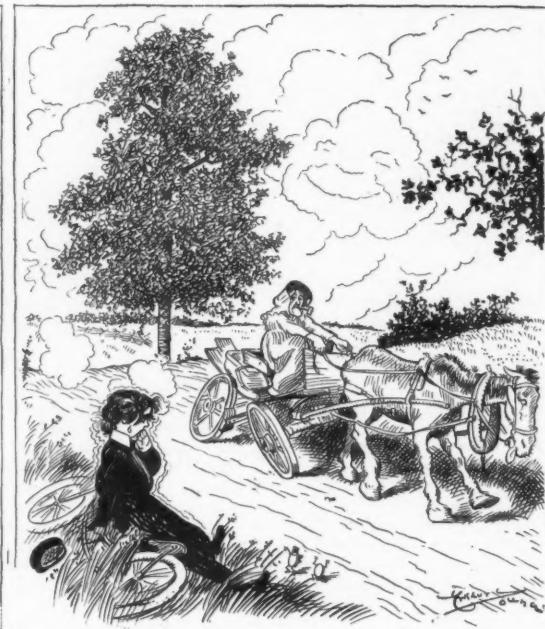




OUR BOYS ARE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE FOE IN FRONT, BUT NOT FOR THE ENEMY BEHIND.



WHAT THE TIMID AMATEUR BICYCLIST IMAGINED WAS COMING UP BEHIND HER.



AND WHAT IT REALLY WAS.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$4,061 36
Hawaii Annexed.....	25 00
C. E.....	25 00
From the sale of a bicycle.....	5 00
Ray and Ogden.....	10 00
J. M. S.....	6 00
Cash.....	4 00
Grenell Island Sunday School.....	20 00
Ousle.....	12 00
J. A. & L. B. Branch.....	9 00
Proceeds of a Fair held by the children of Maplewood.....	42 23
	\$4,219 59

WHEN corruption in politics has been carried so far that the rottenness becomes too noticeable, an investigation, demanded by the people at large, is held, and the offenders against society are turned out. Under ordinary circumstances this is a fair remedy, and good citizens breathe a sigh of relief.

But when in time of war, out of a regiment of some twelve hundred men, fourteen are killed in battle and sixty-four wounded, and eight hundred are either starved to death or allowed to waste away by disease and neglect, an "investigation" is rather a hopeless method of restoring husbands to their wives and sons to their parents.

In a case like this, it is better to have the investigation precede the crime.

A Gulf Between.

I HEAR you have been visiting friends."

"No. Relatives."

As to the Philippines.

AN "ex-John-Bull," who writes to *The Sun*, gives as one reason for keeping the Philippines that "the English speaking people, being the ten lost tribes of Israel, are God's chosen people, and He has guided our brave men, animating them to deeds of heroic valor."

This is indeed an unanswerable argument, yet it seems more conclusive as a reason for capturing Jerusalem than for holding on to the Philippines. Did the ten tribes ever own the Philippines, and are we really merely coming to our own again when we recapture them? If we keep them, will it be necessary for many of us tribesmen to go and live on them?

If we who speak English are the descendants of the ten tribes, there is nothing in which the discernment that runs in our blood shows clearer than in the selection we have made of lands to live in. We have steered clear of the tropical countries and maintained dealings with J. Frost. Let us stick, as far as possible, to that policy. There is Canaan enough for us north of the tropics.

OF all burdens, ignorance is easiest to the bearer.

A Limited Guarantee.

SKERTERSON: You remember the new hammock I swung up from the side of the house to the hickory tree?

PETERSON: Yes.

"Well, the Tunner girls tested it last night and had a fall."

"I thought that hammock was guaranteed."

"But the house and the hickory tree were not."



A SUGGESTION TO THE GIRLS.

The Pension Agent.



NOTHING is so grievous to the man of generous nature and patriotic instincts as the imputation of low and mercenary motives in the discharge of disinterested motive. No man is more maligned and misunderstood than the Pension Agent; for the high and holy motives that actuate him are not fully appreciated, as may be seen by him who reads my simple biography.

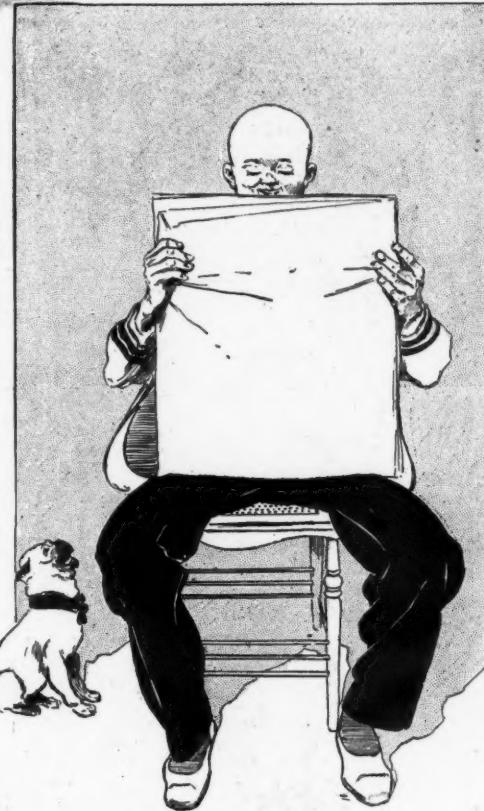
Born with weak lungs and a chest sensitive to drafts and emotions, my health exiled me in Canada from 1861 to 1865. My heart and soul were with my country in those days, and despite the mental anguish I suffered, the doctors sternly refused to let me pass the frontier. When in the summer of 1865 my health was miraculously restored, I went to Washington, and vowed to devote my time and talents to the men who had suffered for, and had been neglected by, an ungrateful republic. Through all these long years I have been the soldier's friend, the watchful guardian of the widow.

THE clamor of men who forget the heroic sacrifices of the days when I was abroad, who ceaselessly shout against the payment of pensions earned in those dark years, has pained me and made me blush for my countrymen; yet, in spite of such unpatriotic conduct, I have marched unflinchingly down the road to duty and dollars. Abused and misrepresented, stigmatized as a mercenary raider on the public treasury, I never flinched; the gratitude of rugged, healthy veterans, the joy of young and blushing widows, have been my reward.

I have kept the other wolves from the patriot's door; I have saved his tender relict from unlovely, unpatriotic toil; and I can say proudly, with my eye on the starry banner of my native land, all I got out of it was my postage and stationery.

I HAVE never dabbled in pensions awarded for lost legs, arms, and accidents of that sort. I hate violence. My sympathies have gone out to the men who suffer the agonies of heart disease, the horrors of melancholia and malarial, the terrors of the tired feeling induced by military marches, and the maddening despair of garrison duty in Northern forts. My heart beats swiftly for those martyrs cursed with the appearance of rugged health, whom doctors sneer at, and who go on suffering the anguish of broken lives, too proud to work, too honest to sandbag the insolent rich, waiting pathetically for pension day to come round.

The man torn and maimed in battle I know not. I am against jingoism. Such as he were tenderly cared for in army wagons, nursed back to health, thoughtfully donated a cork leg, a modest pension and a discharge; but who cared for the bashful hero who trod the Canadian frontier, keeping ceaseless vigil on relentless foreign foes? Who wept for his wet feet? Who remembered him sleeping in tents on rheumatic grass, denying himself butter and chops for days at a time, deprived of pajamas and the ordinary comforts of a club? He and his sacrifices are forgotten by all but me. Thank heaven, it has been my privilege to add 41,216 of him to the pension roll.



THIS IS PAPA, SHOWING—

AND the men whom the food—common, canned groceries—of a thoughtless government drove to hospitals, raving and raging with dyspepsia, are they to be neglected? Does patriotism consist only in being shot at? If these victims of ignorant commissioners had not filled the hospitals, would not malingerers with sawed-off legs have filled them, unnerving the medical staff? What man, then, is boldly insolent enough to say



"It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where 'tis kept is lighter than vanity."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.



BABY THE PICTURES.

there is nothing in it for such unobtrusive patriots as these?

ONE of the most dreadful results of their sufferings is loss of memory, wiping out the places and circumstances where these evils began, and making them forget the regiments in which they served and suffered; and yet these human wrecks are scoffed at. Alas! for human nature.

I jumped into the breach to meet such emergencies. I employed a band of experienced mind-readers in my business, who made a specialty of reading mental war records; and with their aid I can always furnish complete records with affidavits to the Pension Bureau, satisfactory to the moral and high-minded politicians running that machine, and I have never failed to land my man.

Let traitors rave! I glory in my splendid record of patriotic rewards secured; my children after me can say proudly, "My father was a pension agent," conscious that no grocer will refuse them credit, confident that no purse-proud plumber can look down on them.

Joseph Smith.

A Gathering of Great Men.

AT York Harbor, the other evening, there was as distinguished a gathering of American authors as could well meet at the present time. This beautiful part of the Maine coast is especially favored in the literary character of its summer visitors, and the announcement

of an author's reading filled Lancaster Hall to its limit. The authors present who favored the audience with selections from their own writings were Thomas Bailey Aldrich, W. Hamilton Mable, W. D. Howells, Dr. Henry S. Van Dyke, Charles Dudley Warner and Thomas Nelson Page. Who wouldn't like to be present at such an entertainment? — *Kennebec Journal*.

A great many people wouldn't,

It is not always the pleasantest thing in the world to sit and listen to some "distinguished author" read from his own works.

It merely happens to be the "thing to do," which is a great help in augmenting an audience.

The Dyeing Craze.

MANY dye to-day
Who never dyed before,
And those who oft have dyed
Now dye the more.

INTUITION is the feminine of guess.

Henrik Ibsen.

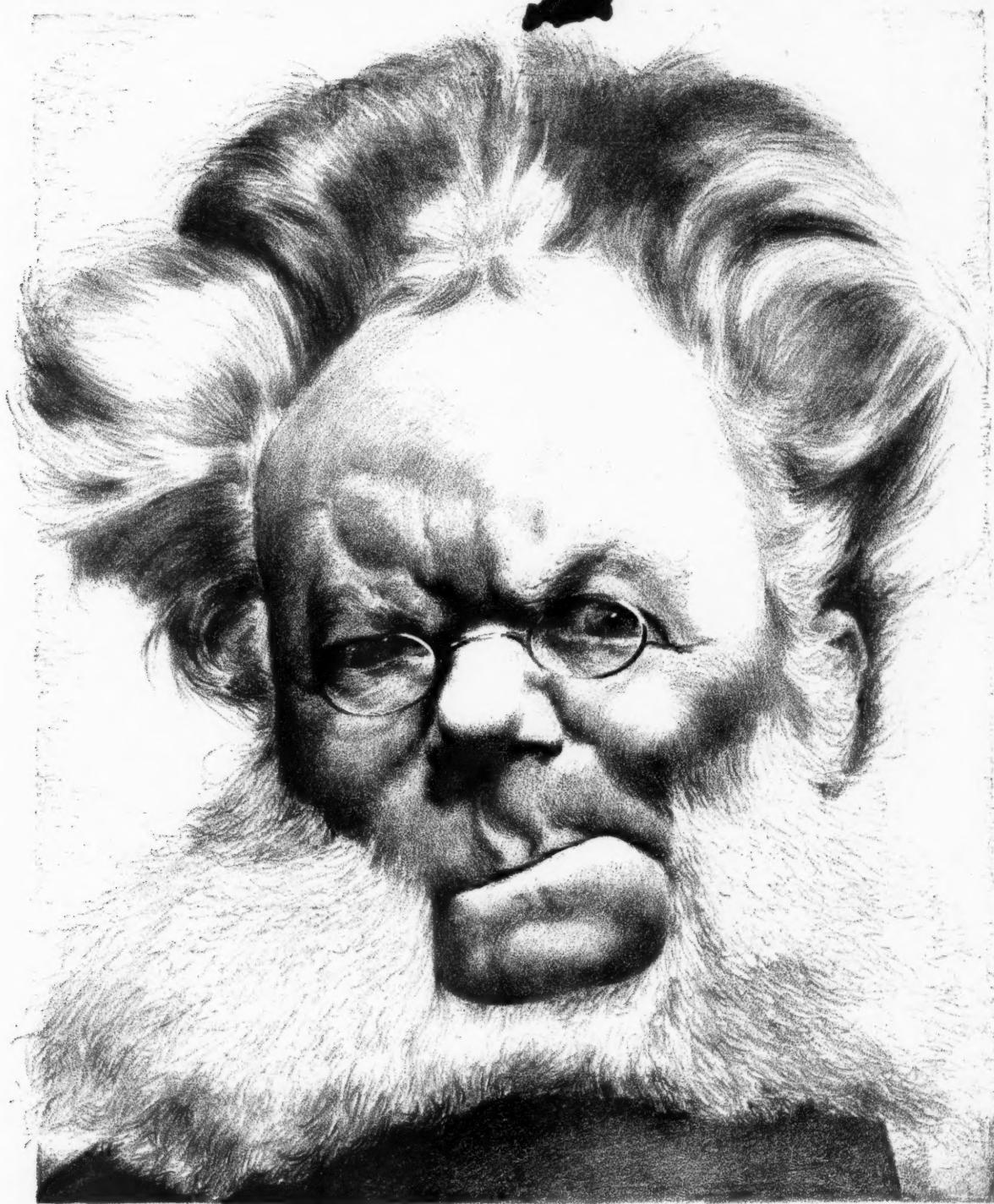
THIS able gentleman was born at Skein, Norway, in 1828, and achieved notoriety when Boston looked up at something he had done. He is a playwright by profession, and, having the gift of writing things that are not understood, he takes his place naturally as a literary light of great magnitude. Mr. Ibsen has a back bay aspect, writes with real ink, breathes like others, and is a human being. Some idea of what he has done can be obtained from a list of his principal books. They are: "Fru Inger til Oestraad," "Haer Maendene paa Helgeland," "Brandt," "Peer Gynt," "De Unges Forbund," and "Keiser og Galelaeer." No one living within the memory of man has read them all through, and few have ever heard of them; but it is enough to know that Mr. Ibsen is a great man. Boston acknowledges the fact, and this is sufficient for all purposes.



*The Bride: WHAT DOES COHEN MEAN BY PUTTING P. F. UNDER HIS CARDS?
"THAT SHOWS YOUR WANT OF EDUCATION, REBECCA. IT MEANS 'PON VOYAGE.'"*

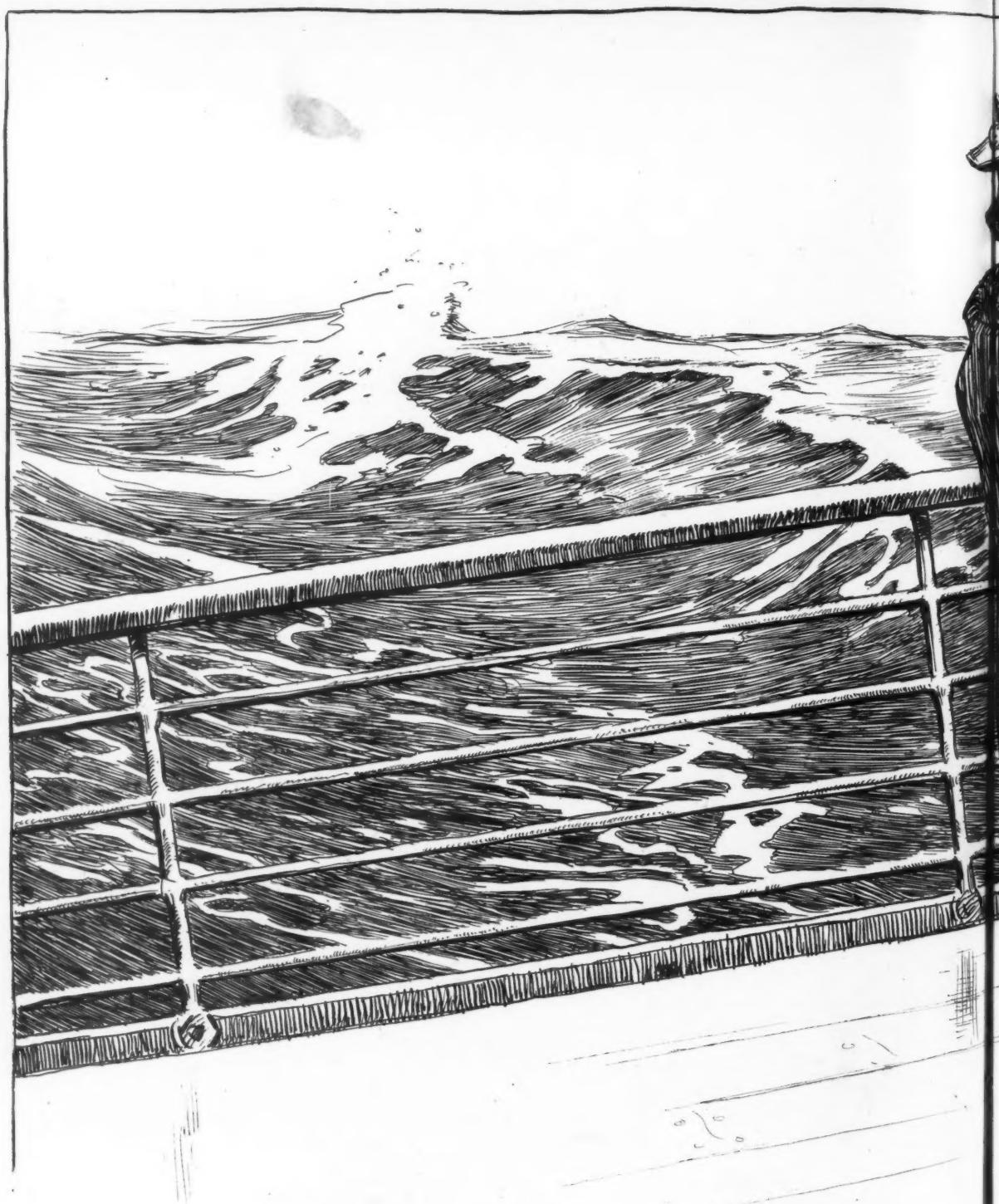
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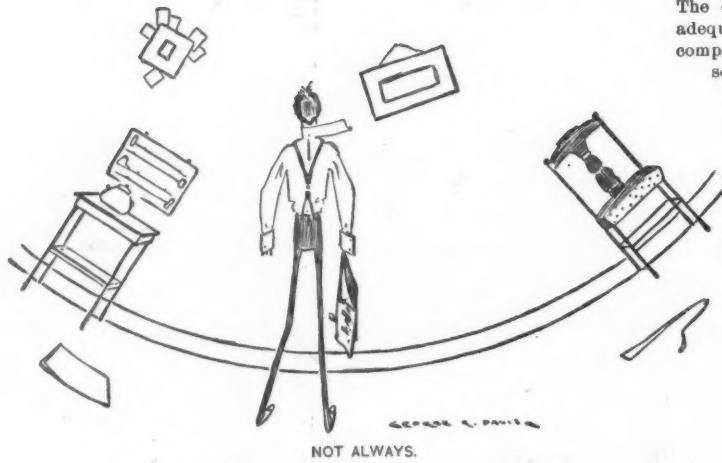


HENRIK IBSEN.

LIFE







Lady Ursula's Legs.



MR. ANTHONY HOPE has made a discovery. The great fact which he exploits in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" at the Lyceum Theatre was already known to a few of us elect, but none of us has dared voice it quite so openly as has Mr. Hope in his latest play. He has found out that *women's legs are not disgraceful*. This is flying directly in the face of the sentiment prevalent in Boston, Massachusetts, at Asbury Park, New Jersey, and which was made of judicial record by a certain Spanish Queen who ordered the instant garroting of a courtier who presented her with a dozen pairs of silk stockings, thereby implying that she had limbs on which to place them.

When "The Black Crook" was first presented in New York, it will be remembered, this topic created a tremendous discussion in press and pulpit, but since then the stage has frankly admitted that women have legs. They are strongly in evidence in ballet and farce-comedy. They are indicated in the productions of Shakespeare's plays and in some more modern dramas, but it was left for Mr. Hope to make them part of plot and an essential of dialogue. The free

discussion of Lady Ursula's legs in this play and the common use of the bicycle may be taken to have dealt the death-blow to a delusion based on Puritanism and the now departed Spanish supremacy.

Miss Harned, who plays *Lady Ursula*, is not half so frank about the noble lady's legs as Mr. Hope is. She conceals in high boots what he reveals in very open conversation, but nevertheless she makes the character very charming, and, as it was intended to be, the leading one in the piece. She has faults of delivery which should be corrected, but she is beautiful as a woman, intelligent as an actress, and as boy and girl realizes very completely the author's ideal. Her advance in her art during the past few years has, unfortunately, not been equaled by Mr. Sothern. As *Sir George Sylvester* he impersonates a character which fits him very well, but the personal brusqueness and indifference which have given him fame in other parts rather mar this one. Noticeably is this true in the little passage of repartee between him and *Lady Ursula* in the second act. The author has intended to give her the better of the encounter, but Mr. Sothern jerks out his questions in a mechanical way which destroys the idea of conversation and makes us hear very distinctly the clank of the literary cogwheels.

The other characters are not remarkable, but are adequately rendered by the members of Mr. Sothern's company. Mr. Unitt has provided the piece with some exquisite eighteenth-century settings.

The author has become a dramatist, and all of Mr. Hope's later books seem written with a view to their subsequent dramatization. The second act, and the third, containing the duel scene, are in the very highest form of comedy writing. The fourth, which is anti-climax, and is introduced evidently for the sole purpose of restoring to the heroine her charms in feminine attire, might well be omitted and replaced by the lengthening of the third.

All in all, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" is a charming entertainment, and neither in fact nor words do her lower extremities intrude themselves to the point where they would bring the faintest blush to the cheek of a Lyceum matinée girl as she was before the days of "The Tree of Knowledge."

HERE'S a-hoping that the American type of theatrical manager may soon die out. There are a few scholarly gentlemen in the business, but they could be listed on one's thumb-nail. The majority of the American managers extant gained their educations at the head of negro minstrel parades or in clubbing too adventurous small boys from under circus tents. For such men to have an ought-to-be artistic profession in their keeping leads naturally to the supremacy of institutions like the present Theatrical Trust.

SPAKING of the Theatrical Trust, LIFE is informed that the refined speculators who make up that body have up their sleeves criminal indictments and libel suits for anyone who dares write disrespectfully of them or their productions.

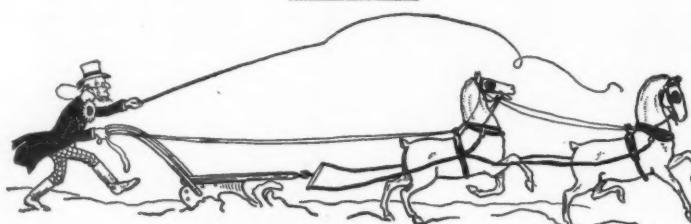
LIFE will continue, as heretofore, to print the truth.

Metcalfe.

Financial Item.

SHORT: I say, Long, lend me ten dollars until the fifteenth, will you?

LONG: Sorry, old man, but I've got some heavy bills to meet on the sixteenth.



A LENOX FARMER.



GROVER DUCK.

Gamey; a high flier and hard to hit; seen along the Cape Cod coast in summer.



THE PLATTY PUSS.

(*Felis Damnatus.*)
Only partially domesticated; found wild on the island of Manhattan; attacks anything.



ASINUS COMSTOCKIANUS.

Although deficient in intelligence and possessed of a coarse mind, is very active in certain pastures; while without visible friends, he seems to prosper according to his own desires.



S. CURIOLUS DINGLEYO.

(*Rins Americanus.*)

High protection climber; dangerous pest; hard to exterminate when once in possession; generally fierce, but will sit in the lap of a wealthy manufacturer and eat nuts.



"A CHICKEN PATTI."

The Alger-ian Art of War.

THE Art of War has changed since Sherman said "War is hell." Hell is now on the retired list, and the Algerian system, a sacred inheritance from honest pirates and cutthroats, has shown that war is merely a matter of famine and fever, and it is having an enormous success to-day. The Weyler system starved its foes and fattened its friends; the Algerian method starves its soldiers and fattens its foes; the two are the same in principle, but different in application.

The Algerian Art of War gives everybody a chance for cash or the glory of a grave. It keeps its henchmen, gives contractors an easy thing, aids medical science, increases the pension roll with those it fails to kill, and demonstrates the uselessness of West Point. If it had not been for the folly and meddling of Dewey and Sampson, the Algerian system would have shown conclusively the worthlessness of brains and ability, the humbug of training and education.

The Algerian Art of War is based on the following rock-ribbed principles:

The prime necessity of war is Fat; fat under the belts of Generals, fat under the hats of the Staff; but below these ranks the cast-iron rule is anti fat.

An army should consist of men unspoiled by West Point methods, men who believe that hunger and disease are what soldiers fatten on, and

who know that the kingdom of Heaven is located in Michigan and Algeria. Regulars and trained militia should never be used; they want things to eat.

To officer this ideal army, the jails, jaggaries and asylums should be searched for the lame, halt and detrimental relatives of Senators, Congressmen and Algerian statesmen. Those who have triumphantly passed examinations for the idiot asylums will make

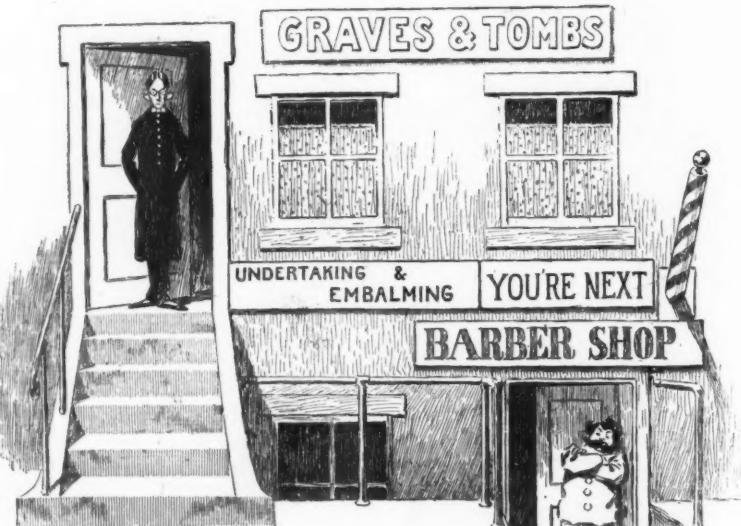
ideal commissaries and quartermasters; the graduates of the jails and jaggaries may be commissioned paymasters and adjutant-generals without loss of self-respect.

Soldiers garrisoned near the equator should be garbed in rubber-lined-fur-trimmed uniforms; those camping along the Yukon may be uniformed in attractive shirt waists and red tape.

In selecting camps for troops, invite



THE BARBER'S SIGN WAS ALL RIGHT UNTIL



MESSRS. GRAVES AND TOMBS RENTED THE ROOM ABOVE.



"SEE HERE! NONE OF YOUR POCOHONTAS BUSINESS
ON THIS ONE!"

all faithful Algerians who own swamp lands to send in plans and specifications of their microbes, mosquitoes and miasmas; to an Algerian bureau, such sites are more valuable than Broadway building lots. When camps are selected, pass the word to Algerians to corner the quinine market; the government will need it later for storage purposes.

Buy up all steamboats of the vintage of 1853, which have accommodations for cattle and reliable reputations for obscure infection. If to antique beauty can be added a bovine bouquet, the ship is priceless. All honest Algerians will sternly demand, however, a guarantee that the boats will float in salt water thirty days without air-bags, and that they will move when towed.

Purchase all the foods, medicines and supplies in the country; this will help our friends. See that the army never gets them; this interests the undertakers and tests the endurance of troops.

On sea and land avoid overloading the stomachs of soldiers; indigestion nearly ruined Washington's army at Valley Forge.

In hot weather keep the troops constantly moving; this familiarizes them with the various camps and helps out the railroads. Soldiers enjoy railroad excursions on the Gulf Coast in July and August; they broaden the mind and open the pores.

When the army is sufficiently debilitated, rush on the hated foe. Let no one learn our plans of campaign except American citizens; guard them jealously from foreign foes, and publish them only in American papers.

Punctuality is the ruin of campaigns. Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo by getting there on time. Had he been a week late he would have escaped. Always have the troops on transports six days before sailing. By the end of that period the troops can defy seasickness.

Buy millions of medicines and hide them carefully in the holds of ships, but use Christian Science to soothe the sick.

By following these simple rules the Algerians at the close of the war may say with pride, "Spain killed one man; we killed twenty."

A Tale of Solomon.

IT so happened that one day there was a most awful scratch on Solomon's best new drawing-room paper.

"Send for my wives," cried the wily Solomon, seating himself in an easy throne and turning his back glibly on the scratch. "Tell them I'm going to get them all new Easter bonnets and a silk dress or two."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when in rushed the Queens.

"Good morning, ladies," observed Solomon, affably. "Pray be seated."

Down sat the Queens and began gazing around in that careless, indifferent sort of way so peculiar to ladies who expect to get something without asking for it.

Sure enough, hardly had they got well seated, when: "Why, my goodness gracious, sakes alive!" burst forth Queen No. 237,538, with the most innocent and natural surprise in the world, her newborn-babe-like eyes falling, quite accidentally, of course, upon the terrible

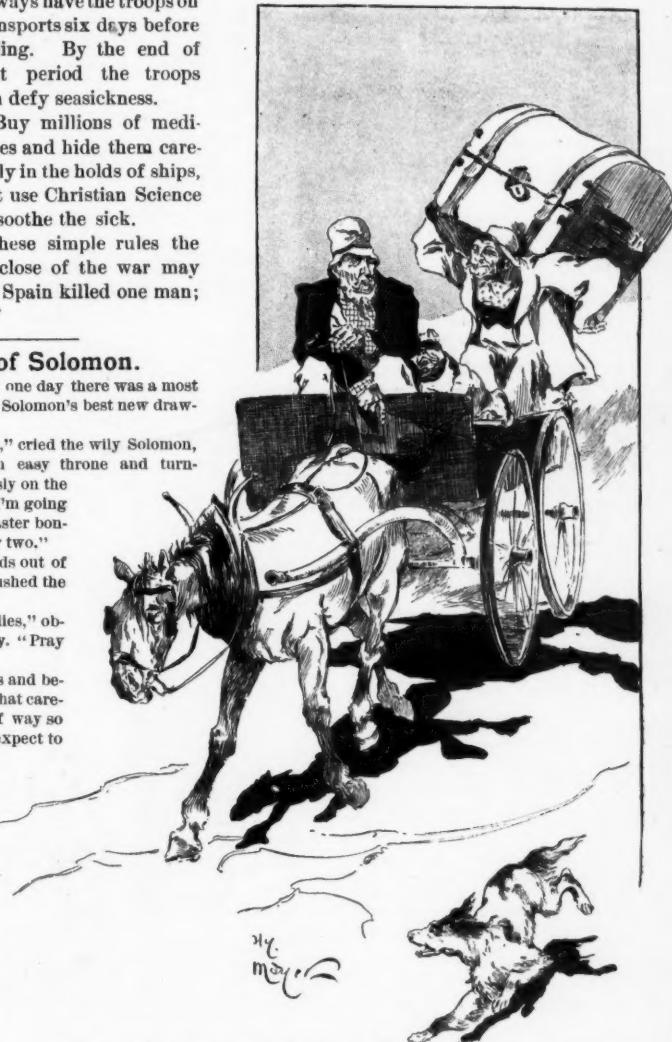
scratch. "Who ever could have been and made such a horrid tear!"

Then, "Off with her head! Off with her head!" roared the vengeful old King, dancing down from his throne like a personified thunder storm, "and tell the court historian to inform posterity that there's no moral. Ladies, the court will be in mourning for the next year or two for my new drawing-room paper. Skip!"

First moral: The historian, of course, did what he wasn't told.

Second moral: If the parrot that talked too much had read this little fable first he might possibly have had more talk.

Third moral: If Queen No. 237,538 had paid more attention to the story of the parrot that talked too much, and less to spring bonnets, she might possibly have had more head.



"WHY DON'T YER PUT THE TRUNK ON THE SEAT?"
"I DIDN'T WANT TER MAKE IT TOO HEAVY FOR THE HORSE."

ANT SCISSORS ANT NULLS

GUAM TO SAM.

Said the citizen of Guam
To Uncle Sam:
"Juba—juboo—jimple—jand!"
Meaning in his artless lingo;
"You're a daisy, and, by jingo,
Here's my hand."

Said the citizen of Guam
To Uncle Sam:
"Hoola—scoola—bunkl—ham!"
Which the same translated freely
Means, "I'm charmed with you, now really!
'Deed I am!"

Said the citizen of Guam
To Uncle Sam:
"Oori—joorl—boort—blag!"
Thus, to those not too obtuse, he
Says, "I'll linger longer, Lucy,
'Neath your flag."

Said the citizen of Guam
To Uncle Sam:
"Nunki—nankee—ninkee—noo!"
Thus the literal translation:
"Say, there's room in your big Nation
For us, too!"

Said the citizen of Guam
To Uncle Sam:
"Faga—fooga—fungo—feff!"
Meaning, "Spain is nicely pickled,
And we're tickled, tickled, tickled
Most to death!"

Said the citizen of Guam
To Uncle Sam:

"Joowiz—jewiz—Dewiz—jakes!"
Meaning, "Dewey is a dandy,
And we much approve the stand he
Took and takes."

Said the citizen of Guam
To Uncle Sam:
"Hoolee—doolee—mookee—mirst!"
Meaning, "Don't send to Ohio
For postmasters are you try, oh!
Try us first!"

Said the citizen of Guam
To Uncle Sam:
"Boola—woola—wigwag—wight!"
Meaning, "Keep and civilize us;
We will do as you advise us;
Honor bright!"
—Baltimore American.

"WHAT do you think of this idea of the Czar's, that all the nations shall disarm?" asked the philanthropic enthusiast. "Don't you think," he proceeded, without waiting for reply, "that it's a splendid suggestion?"

"Yes, but of course everybody can't wholly disarm," replied the cold-blooded friend.

"Why not? If you're going to do anything, do it thoroughly. Lay down all your weapons, and let everybody proceed on natural and equal terms."

"No. It won't do. If all the countries lay down their arms, who is going to turn in and whip some small, low-minded nation for trying to sneak round a corner and pick them up again?"—Washington Star.

"Now, this tax on beer—" the Garrulous Boarder began. "As usual," said the Cheerful Idiot, "the consumer must carry the load."—Indianapolis Journal.

AT an elementary examination in English which was held in a school near New York, two sentences were given out to be corrected. The first sentence was to be corrected as to its subject matter, and the second sentence as to its syntax. These were the sentences: "The hen has three legs;" "Who done it?" When the papers were handed in, it was found that one of the examinees had apparently regarded the sentences as subtly connected in thought, for his answer was as follows: "The hen didn't done it; God done it."—Argonaut.

SHE: I will consent to be your wife, on one condition.
HE: Name it.

"That you will stop smoking."
"All right; but let's make the engagement very short."
—Chicago News.

ONCE more did Ulysses relate the story of his wanderings; but still Penelope, his faithful wife, shook her head. "Where," she persisted, "are the labels on your trunks?"

—Detroit Journal.

SHE: I cannot entertain the idea of marrying you. My heart is with our brave boys at the front.

HE: It's a good thing for the boys; they need all the ice they can get down there.—Indianapolis Journal.

"A SPLENDID stroke! Did you follow the ball, Caddie?"

"No, 'm; but I think that gentleman with the red coat can tell where it struck. I see him feelin' of his head."

—Harper's Bazaar.

"SOMETIMES," said the young man, who is becoming slightly cynical, "it does seem that a dollar is the best friend a man can have."

"Yes, sir," replied Senator Sorghum. "And I have always contended that it is a politician's duty to make as many friends as possible."—Washington Star.

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Unscathed is Stephie Crane,
While Edgar Saltus failed to swell
The bloody spoil of Spain.

And so, though countless thousands bleed,
We'll thank, with keen delight,
The gods of war that panopied
The gents who fiction write.

—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

A PARK AVENUE lad, aged six years, has been taught since the war began to pray for the President of the United States and for the army and navy. One night he knelt at his mother's knee and said his prayers, but he closed without referring to the military and naval arms of the government.

"You forgot to pray for the army and navy, Harold," said his mother.

"Oh, what's the use," said the lad. "They're able to take care of themselves without botherin' God."

—*Omaha World Herald.*

FOOD FOR INFANTS.

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MOTHER: Johnny, stop using such dreadful language!

JOHNNY: Well, mother, Shakespeare uses it.

"Then don't play with him; he's no fit companion for you."—*Tit-Bits.*

AN ISLAND is described by a schoolboy as "a body of land surrounded by United States battleships."—*Chicago Record.*

"AND did he fall on his knees when he proposed?"

"No, but he was so rattled that he stepped on the cat and fell on his neck."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"AND will you be mine forever?" he asked, after he had her head nicely pillow'd on his shoulder.

She straightened up with a start.

"Now, look here," she said, in her eminently practical way. "If you want to get up a discussion on the future life you might just as well be moving along. Father is an agnostic and mother is a Methodist, and I'm marrying as much as anything to get away from controversies about this forever business."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

THE FOREIGNER: So a woman can travel alone all over this country, can she?

THE NATIVE: Yes. All she has to do is to put on a bicycle suit of sufficient insufficiency, and there will be plenty of men to look after her.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

HOSTESS: But when you got so far North that the nights were three months long it must have been inexpressibly dreary. How did you put in your time?

ARCTIC EXPLORER: Madame, we devoted the evening to a game of chess.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"I CAN'T blame the young women for falling in love with the soldiers," remarked the neighbor who had dropped in for a few minutes.

"Neither do I," answered the other, who always had a tired expression. "A few months of government rations ought to keep a man from complaining of home cooking for the rest of his natural life."—*Washington Star.*

"Go!" she exclaimed, "and never speak to me again!"

He passed out into the unsympathetic night, but paused when he reached the sidewalk and drew something from one of his inside pockets. As he did so the beautiful girl, who was watching him from the vestibule, uttered a shrill scream and ran toward him.

"Albert," she cried, "what would you do? Pray do not kill yourself! Throw your revolver away, and let us forget our quarrel."

"It isn't a revolver," he replied, as he caught her in his arms. "It's a monkey wrench I borrowed from you that day my wheel broke down. I have been wearing it next to my heart ever since."

Then they returned to the parlor and took up the thread of love's young dream where it had been broken.

—*Chicago News.*

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